

25
SONGS,

DUETTS, CHORUSSES, &c.

In an occasional Entertainment called

CAPE St. VINCENT;

Or, British Valour Triumphant.

Altered from a Dramatick Entertainment performed 1794.

And acted by THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.



LONDON.

PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, NO. 66, DRURY-LANE,
NEXT THE STAGE DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE

1797.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

2010

QUESTIONS

In an effort to

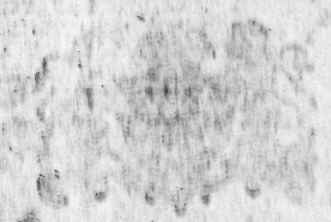
GABRIEL VINCEN

OF BOSTON

we have a book for

THEY ARE

THEATRE



THE

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Commodore Broadside,		<i>Mr. PALMER.</i>
Splicem,	- -	<i>Mr. KELLY.</i>
Endless,	-	<i>Mr. SUETT.</i>
Robin,	- -	<i>Mr. BARRYMORE.</i>
Tom Oakum,	-	<i>Mr. BANNISTER.</i>
Ben,	-	<i>Mr. SEDGWICK,</i>
William,	- -	<i>Mr. C. KEMBLE.</i>
Busby,	- -	<i>Mr. CAULFIELD.</i>
Cottager,	- -	<i>Mr. MADDOCKS,</i>
Tom,	-	<i>Master WELSH,</i>
Bill,	-	<i>Master CHATTERLEY.</i>
Old Woman,	-	<i>Mrs. BOOTH.</i>
Mary,	-	<i>Miss DE CAMP.</i>
Susan	- -	<i>Miss LEAK,</i>
Girl,	-	<i>Miss MENAGE.</i>

Sailors, Countrymen, Country Lasse, &c.

1950-1951

1950

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Songs, Duetts, Chorusses, &c. &c.

IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF

CAPE ST. VINCENT;

OR,

BRITISH VALOUR TRIUMPHANT.

GLEE.

Mary, Susan, Boy & Countrymen.

A DIEU to the village delights
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleasures are void.

Adieu to the health-breathing hill,
Thou canst not my comfort restore,
For ever adieu, my dear Will,
My Henry, alas! is no more.

SONG.

SONG—Tom.

Written by Mr. Sheridan.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is
come,

And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home.

And of those friends they ne'er may see again,
But when the fight's begun

Each serving at his gun,

Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,

Think only should the day be won,

How 'twill cheer

Their hearts to hear

That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind

Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,

Who many a night doth listen to the wind,

And wakes to think how it may fare with you.

O! when the fight's begun,

Each serving at his gun,

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,

Think only should the day be won :

How 'twill cheer

Her heart to hear

That her own true sailor he was one.

SONG.

SONG—Susan.

Written by Mr. Cobb.

O H, stay my love! my William, dear!
 Ah! whither art thou flying?
 Nor think't thou of my parents here,
 Nor heed't thy Susan sighing;

Thy country's cause and honour call,
 Are words that but deceive thee,
 Thou seest my tears, how fast they fall,
 Thou must not, William, leave me.

Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
 In sickness, or in sorrow;
 In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
 Where will they comfort borrow?

Neglected left, no William nigh,
 To cheer, protect, relieve them;
 I, helpless, thrown aside to die,
 Thou must not, William, leave them.

Ah me! and think a summer's flown,
 Perhaps we part for ever;
 The fondest hearts that e'er were known,
 Unpitying death will sever.

Then why e'er waste or throw away
 ('Twill pass too soon, believe me,)
 Our day of love, our little day—
 Thou must not, William, leave me.

SONG—Splicem.

WHEN in war on the ocean, we meet the
proud foe,
With ardour for conquest our bosoms do glow,
Should they see on our vessels Old England' flag
wave,
'Tis worthy of Britons, who conquer to save.

Their proud lofty ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers their welcom'd by each
British Tar;
Whilst the genius of Britain our cause shall
maintain
And like thunder our guns bid defiance to Spain.

But mark our last broadside; she sinks, down
she goes;
Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes;
O snatch a brave fellow from a watry grave,
'Tis worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

QUINTETTO.

Splicem, Countrymen, Mary, and Susan.

TH' eventful hour is near at hand,
That must my destiny command;
Ah! could I purchase fortune's smile,
Whole years of future pain and toil
I'd yield, to her capricious pow'r,
And bribe her for that single hour.

DUET.

SONG.—Tom Oakum.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on deck be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke ;

Be silent, and be ready.

Ram home the guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,

The cannon's roar shall sound their knell :

Be steady boys, be steady.

Nor, yet,—nor yet,—nor yet—

Keep up your fire, I do desire,

FIRE.—

Now the elements do rattle !

The gods, amaz'd, behold the battle !

A broadside, my boys !—

See the blood in purple tide,

Trickle down her batter'd side !

Wing'd by fate the bullets fly :

Conquer, Boys, or bravely die.

Hurl destruction on your foes :

She sinks !—she sinks !—huzza !

To the bottom !—down she goes !

DUET.

Mary, and Susan.

OUR hearts with joy expanding,
 Your voice our fate commanding,
 Most grateful thanks demanding,
 Accept the tribute due,

Whatever

Whatever good befalling,
We still shall think of you.
Adieu!——

Whatever good befalling,
Our gratitude recalling,
We still shall think of you.

SONG.—Ben.

Written by Lord Mulgrave.

O UR line was form'd, the Dons lay to,
One sigh I gave to Madge on shore,
Too cold I thought our last adieu,
Our parting kisses seem'd too few!
If we should meet no more.

But love avast! my heart is oak!
The daring signal floats on high,
I see through roaring cannon's smoke
Their awful line subdued and broke,
They strike!—they sink!—they fly!

CHORUS.

Now (danger past) we'll drink and joke
Sing "Rule Britannia! hearts of oak"
And toast before each martial lay.
The Hero of this Glorious Day.

FINALE

FINALE.

RULE BRITANNIA,

Song and Chorus.

THE
RULE BRITANNIA

By J. M. G. C. C.
